

Piles Cured Quickly at Home

Without Pain, Cutting or
Surgery. Instant Relief.

We Prove It. Sample Package Free.

Seven people out of ten are said to have Piles. Not one man in a million need have them, and we are proving it every day at our own expense. We send a sample package of the wonderful Pyramid Pile Cure to any person absolutely free.

We don't do this as a matter of amusement or philanthropy, but because it is to our interest to do so. We know that the sufferer from piles, tormented and driven almost crazy by this wretched trouble, will find such immediate relief that he will go at once to his druggist and buy a box and get well.

We know that we have got the greatest remedy in the world for piles, and we are ready and willing to stand or fall by the verdict of those who make the trial. We have been doing this for some years now and we never yet have had occasion to regret it.

And the remedy at the drug store is exactly the same as the sample we send out. As for instance, here is a man who got such immediate relief from the sample that he at once bought a box. Was it just the same? Undoubtedly, since it cured him after all sorts and kinds of things have failed.

Here is a sample of the kind of letters we get every day, and we don't have to ask for them:

Received your sample of Pile Cure and have given it a fair trial and it has proven the best I ever tried and effected a complete cure. I can recommend you highly in this vicinity. Have used your sample and one box and it has been a complete cure. It has been worth \$100 to me.

Thanking you for the sample and the cure, I will recommend you to everybody. Yours respectfully, Julius Mayer, Dealer in Feathers, Ginseng and Hides, Bedford, Ind.

Pyramid Pile Cure is for sale at every druggist's at 50 cents a box or, if you would like to try a sample first, you will receive one by return mail by sending your name and address to The Pyramid Drug Company, 59 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

"Jaeger" Pure Wool Healthful Underwear

You cannot be really healthy and keep well through the winter if your skin "quits" work.

Jaeger Underwear keeps the skin healthfully active, the blood circulating freely, and the body free from poisonous waste products. It prevents chill and Rheumatism.

Wear Jaeger Pure Wool for health and comfort. It is elastic, porous, warmth giving and perfect fitting.

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Write for Catalogue No. 36.

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316 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention
The Western Home Monthly.

Boys and Girls.

Innocence.

Sometime w'en papa has come home and wants to go and w'ite, He pushes back his roll-top desk, an' nen turns on the light, An' my! he finds the ink is spilt all over the floor,

An' all his pencils 'ey ain't got no points on any more. An' nen he call us chinnern in, an' says, "I'd like to know

W'ich one o' you has been in here a-mussin' things up so?" An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see,

Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus 'ist as good as we can be.

But I dunno, An' Joe dunno,

An' sister say 'at she dunno!

Sometimes w'en ma has gone away an' left us by ourselves,

W'en she dets home she finds a muss upon the pantry shelves.

An' my! the jelly's stuck around, an' lots of it's been eat,

An' 'ey is crumbs of cake an' pie upon the window seat.

An' nen she call us chinnern in an' asts if we been there,

An' what that empty jelly glass is doin' on 'at chair.

An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see,

Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus 'ist as good as we can be.

But I dunno, An' Joe dunno,

An' sister say 'at she dunno!

Sometimes, w'en Nora's washed an' scrubbed until the floors is clean,

W'y, but there in the kitchen 'tittle muddy tracks is seen.

An' my! 'ey's ist dirt ever'where around the dinin' room.

Where only ist a little while before she'd used the broom.

An' nen she calls us chinnern in an' glares at us an' roars:

"Which one o' you has been in here a-muddyin' up my floors?"

An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see,

Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus 'ist as good as we can be.

But I dunno, An' Joe dunno,

An' sister say 'at she dunno!

The Little Bird Prisoner.

He fluttered against the bars of his cell and begged to be let out. All his little feathers were getting crumpled and torn so soon. That troubled Teresa most of all. The poor little peep-peep-peeping she could stand quite well, now that she was getting used to it.

"You won't be homesick very long, birdie mine," she said, consolingly. "You'll get 'customed to it. I did. First I s'posed I'd die; but when I didn't, I kept getting curerd 'n' curerd until I was all well. If you would only keep still long enough."

The little prisoner had been in his beautiful gilded prison only a very short time. Just the tiniest bit of a while ago he had been at home in the long-handled elm with the rest of the children. He had never dreamed of going to jail—oh, no, no! How could he know that Teresa had the little prison door all open, ready the minute Felix should catch him? "I've got him!" at last Felix had shouted in triumph, and then the prison door had shut. It had stayed shut ever since.

Teresa's window was sunny and full of bright flowers. It seemed like a beautiful place to swing, in a golden cage; but the little captive oriole was homesick. He kept right on beating his tiny wings against the bars, and calling piteously to the oriole mother in the long-handled elm. And at last she came. She brought him juicy worms, and sat on the outside of the cage and talked little encouraging talks to him, as other mothers do. She came again and again. One day Teresa sat in the window, and listened drowsily to their conversation.

"Peep! peep!" Why, no, it was in

words. They were talking in words, like other people! Teresa held her breath in wonder, and listened harder than ever. The oriole mother was saying something. Hark!

"Cheer-up, cheer-up! Things will clear-up, clear-up," she sang in her sweet, plaintive voice. Teresa thought it sounded as if there were tears in it, as Mother Annette's voice did when she felt sorrowful.

"Never-mind, never-mind, dear. Somebody-will-be-kind, dear," trilled on the little voice, comfortingly. The little mother pressed close to the prison bars, and her bright feathers mingled with the little captive's. For a while they seemed to be whispering, and Teresa could not hear what they said. Then the mother kissed her child good-bye—it truly looked so! Teresa could hardly believe it; but didn't she see it with her own eyes, and hear the queer, chirpy little "smack"?

"Cheer-up, cheer-up, dear. Things will clear-up, clear-up, dear. Somebody will be kind. Never mind. Somebody'll open the gate, dear. Somebody will be kind," the little bird mother sang all the way home.

Then Teresa opened her eyes. She had been asleep! To be sure, the little bird mother was there, but she wasn't talking in words at all. The tears were in her voice, though. Teresa was sure of that.

"Cheep! cheep!" coaxed the little prisoner.

"Che-e! che-e!" answered the oriole mother, wistfully. And how very much it did sound like "Cheer up, cheer up!" to Teresa.

The little girl sat in sober thought for a long time. Then she sprang to her feet, and ran to the window. The mother bird had flown back to her other babies in the long-handled elm, and her clear song came floating across to them on a special little breeze—a kind little breeze.

"Somebody will be kind," murmured Teresa; and she was thinking of a little breeze just then. She put up her hand, and gently opened the door of the golden-barred prison.

"Things will clear-up, clear-up, dear. Somebody-will-be-kind." And with one shrill, glad note the free little fellow hurried home.

Does Your Door Swing Out or In?

"Trouble with Maria is," said Cousin Jane, "that all her doors open in. Anything that's brought to her, she's willin' enough to have. If her friends'll come in, and make a fuss over her, Maria's glad to see them. Her door turns on the hinges easy enough to let in the things and the people she likes.

"When she was young and good-looking and well off, Maria enjoyed life pretty well. What she wanted came to her, and she was contented enough. But now that she's older, and hasn't as much to live on as she used to, she frets and complains that life isn't worth living, and thinks people slight her, and that she has a hard and bitter lot. So far as I can see, the bitterness is mostly in Maria, more'n in her lot, for it's just an average lot.

"If she once knew what some folks had to bear, she wouldn't feel so—she'd be thankful instead. But her doors don't open out. She has never gone out of herself to help a friend, even.

"She's never set out to do any work for others. Things must come to her; she doesn't go to them. Everything leads in, and nothing out, in Maria's life. It's no wonder folks have got tired of bringing love and sympathy and cheerfulness and brightness to her when she never comes out of herself to bring anything to anybody.

"If I was Maria, I'd take my doors off, and re-hang them, all opening out instead of in. 'Twould be something of a job in the way of repairs, but it would pay—yes, it would!"

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